

that much—quite. Therefore she might be an "undesirable alien." It is true that the ring is worth many times \$50. It is true that she has \$2,200 on deposit in a Victoria bank. And it is true, too, that she is a native of Canada.

But these things the customs man was not supposed to know. He would not let her board the steamer.

A policeman picked her up and sent her to the station. She spent the night there in company with the dregs of society.

Then Grace was examined in the presence of Mrs. Mason, police-woman. It was a bizarre experience and one which seemed to give the "child" some slight annoyance and much secret amusement.

She told an astounding story.

She was born in Winnipeg. She had never gotten along well with her father and married sisters. When she was 14 her father gave her \$3,500.

She went where she pleased, did what she pleased. She was on the stage part of the time. When she was 16 she went to China.

"Why?"

"I wanted to see what it was like."

Before sailing, she took the precaution to deposit \$2,200 in the Victoria bank against the time when the tide of fortune might turn. She visited Hong Kong, Shanghai, Kobe, Manila, Honolulu. She flitted easily from port to port along the China coast.

"What were you doing?"

"Not much of anything."

Well, she did join a burlesque company at Kobe. She was in the chorus. Danced and sang. She was with the burlesquers six weeks. Went with them to Honolulu. Didn't like it there. Came to San Francisco.

"Your money gone?"

"Oh, dear, no! I had \$700."

"But you had less than \$50 when you reached Seattle."

The "child" permitted herself a wry smile. "I lost \$500 on the Wolfgang-Murphy fight," she patiently ex-

plained. "I had the wrong dope."

The investigator looked puzzled, but made no comment.

She went into some detail of her wanderings and doings. She stopped at the Astor in Shanghai—that dignified and expensive hostelry where you are met by a smiling Celestial with a tray laden with bottles and glasses, who invites you to help yourself.

"You pay—later, in chits."

"You will remain here," said the investigator, with the kindness one uses in dealing with children, "a few days until we can make inquiries. You are with friends here."

"But I don't want to stay," observed the "child."

"My dear Grace, you will not be allowed to cross the border until your story is tested."

"It doesn't matter much. I can live in the States."

"But we must communicate with your sisters, that you may go to them."

"I don't want to go to my sisters."

"But whom can you go to?" asked the bewildered doctor.

"Why go to anybody? I've always taken care of myself. I'm surely able to do so now. I don't care to stay here. I want to get out and send for money."

"You must at least stay until Judge Frater can have a talk with you. He is a wise and good man and he will help you."

The "child" shrugged her shoulders wearily.

"Could I see him today?" she asked. "At once?"

When she was gone the investigator said: "She makes me feel that it is I who am the child."

It was an economic wife who was the inventor of the pancake. Hating waste, she conceived the idea of using up all her eggs, lard, dripping and butter, the use of which was prohibited during Lent, and, with the help of some flour, evolved the dish.